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ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY



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Confessions
of a
Pullman Conductor



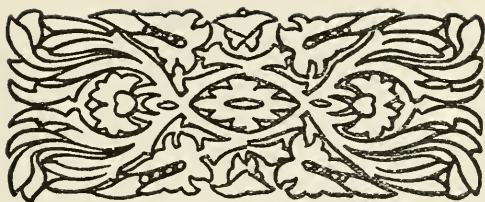
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Confessions of a Pullman Conductor

I.

THE "LOVE DIPLOMAT."

EVERY one has read or heard about the boasted independence of the American girl, and how she is able to travel in most any country alone, and be safe in knowing that she is capable of taking care of herself under all conditions. But this much talked of ability of the American girl, in my estimation, should

be taken with a grain of salt, as from my personal observation, for the past seven years, as a Pullman conductor, I have concluded that it is mere idle talk. The American girl, particularly the girl from the fairly well to do or middle class family, is generally helpless or incapable of taking care of herself among strangers.

But here let me say that this is not entirely the girl's fault, only in so far as she allows herself to be taken in by some well-dressed man with a good line of talk, who with his plausible manner makes the girl feel that he is a perfect gentleman; that he is just the one to take her in charge and show her to a nice hotel or give her any other information she desires. This man's intentions are contemptible, and the welfare of the girl he happens to be talking to is not giving him the slightest concern. He is likely some cheap traveling man with a wife

and half a dozen children at home and wearing his wedding ring in his vest pocket.

Speaking of wedding rings reminds me of a little story of one that would not be out of place here. This happened some years ago, when I was a Pullman conductor on a train that arrived in a large city about 6:30 P. M. We will call this city Boston (because that don't happen to be its name). This was Sunday morning and this train was a very popular train, especially for women going into the city, and on Sunday the travel of this class was always very heavy.

About 10 o'clock in the morning we stopped at the station of a fair sized town. We always were sure to get passengers here for the sleeping cars, as we did on this morning. One of these was a man—we will call him "Billy" for convenience. There were several of Billy's

friends down at the station to see him safely started, including his wife and little daughter of perhaps five years of age.

Billy's wife (who was a very pretty woman by the way) wanted him to be careful of himself, not to take cold, and to write every other day anyway, and to come back as soon as he possibly could.

So, kissing his wife good-bye and with a promise to the little girl, who was crying for papa to bring her a nice present from the city, with a handshake from his friends and being wished the best of luck by them all, Billy boarded the train, and we were off on what proved to be a very exciting journey, both for Billy and myself.

Billy had no sooner got aboard than he went into the smoking-room, which is also the wash-room of the sleeping car, and began to wash his hands. It was a

mere accident that I saw what occurred, as I had gone into the smoking-room to get his ticket and saw him take down a towel to dry his hands. But, before doing so, he removed a ring from the finger of his left hand and placed it in his vest pocket.

I merely happened to notice this at the time, but in what happened afterward it came back to me with good results, and incidentally was a cause of saving me my job.

He quickly removed a diamond ring he was wearing on the finger of his right hand and placed this ring upon the finger from which he had taken the other. Now the ring he had just taken off had been a tight fit, necessitating his having to wet his hands to get it off. And, as everyone knows, a ring that fits a little tight will leave a small, white circle around the finger from which it has been removed.

As Billy was wiser than the average, and also understood the advantage of a diamond ring as an attraction over a plain band ring, and especially on that finger, he had not only taken the first ring off, but had hid the evidence of having worn it with the other ring.

After these details were arranged, Billy straightway appointed himself "Love Diplomat" of the train (this is the right word, I think). Did you ever see a "Love Diplomat" at work? They are on every train. Just watch this one maneuver with me.

Billy then proceeded to take a walk up and down the cars in search of some girl. But before he began this search, he came back to where I was sitting in the rear seat doing my work and sat down facing me. Suddenly he remarked, "Cap, Sunday is a good day to ride this train, as you can always be sure there will be

a bunch of swell 'chickens' going to Boston."

I gave him a cold stare, but he was of the sort that a stare will hardly make an impression on. He continued:

"Who is that little 'pigeon' sitting in section six? Some class to her; eh, Cap? Think I will take a chance and try and cut in with her, for she certainly looks good to me."

I remarked that I did not know who the lady was in section six, and advised him not to try to talk to her, as I did not like the way he had spoken. But the man of his caliber who travels—and there are thousands of them—view all women alone on the train as being there to take advantage of, if possible. He went on to say:

"You see, conductor, I have to spend the night in Boston and I don't like to

spend my evenings alone if I can avoid it."

Now the Pullman company doesn't give its conductors any authority to forbid a man to talk to a woman on the car. If it did, you can bet this crook would never have had a chance to "cut in," as he said, with this young woman, as he finally did.

I have been approached before many times in my length of service, and have been offered money not to see too much, but somehow this man's coarse manner of speaking of women and allowing his intentions to be so plainly seen, caused me to feel thoroughly disgusted. I knew that he was feeling me out, and he knew and I knew that I was powerless to stop him from speaking to the girl. I only felt repulsion for him and sorrow for his wife and little girl at home.

I said nothing more to him and got

up and left the car. Had I said anything more, it would probably have resulted in an argument that might have ended in blows.

Upon coming back into the car, as I did almost immediately, I was just in time to see him offer the girl a magazine. He was getting acquainted by what I call "The Magazine Route." It is generally worked in this manner:

The man walks past the girl he wishes to speak to several times and if she looks too forbidding for him to deliberately address, he will finally come up to her seat with a magazine and offer it to her with the remark:

"I saw you sitting here alone so I brought you a book to read. There are some very interesting stories in it, if you care to read them."

Nine out of ten women will fall for this line of talk, and, as generally hap-

pens, this one took the magazine. He then went and sat down in his own seat.

Restless to pursue his quarry, he couldn't sit still. After about 20 minutes he got up and leisurely strolled over to her section, and leaning carelessly on the back of the seat, remarked, "This is a pretty good book, isn't it?"

They then drifted into a conversation. He was quick to take advantage of this and was soon sitting down in the seat with her.

It is easy to see how this works out. The girl thinks, "Well, he was very courteous to allow me to read his book and I can't be impolite after he has been so gentlemanly." And now he has all the advantage and, believe me, these "Love Diplomats" don't let any grass grow under their feet after they have wormed their way into a conversation.

In this case I don't know what developed until lunch time. Then I do know he took her into the dining car to have luncheon, and the dining-car conductor later told me that after much coaxing on his part, she let him buy and they drank a bottle of wine together—he insisting, until she finally drank the extra glass.

That night when we arrived in Boston, they did not have dinner on the dining car, for Billy knew the advantage of a Hungarian orchestra, and palms with subdued lights, a table for two set in the niche of a window; no one to see, and plenty of time to talk and maybe a bribe to the waiter to drop something in the wine.

I say Billy knew all this, for he was of that dangerous world-wise type whose lack of morals is easily discernible to the experienced student of human nature.

II.

BILLY'S WEDDING RING.

AFTER we had stopped at the station in Boston, and all the passengers were off the car except Billy—I had not seen him get off—I went back into the car. Then it was that I saw him frantically searching around his seat. The girl whom he had cleverly enmeshed was waiting for him on the station platform. As I approached him (he had his back toward me) I heard him mutter, “It fit tight, too, so I can’t say I lost it.”

I asked him what he had lost, pretending not to have heard his remark.

“A ring,” he replied.

I told him then that we only stopped there a few minutes; that they would

take the train out to the yards at once, and that if he would give me his address, I would search the car, and if I found the ring to have it sent to him.

"You got on at——," I said, giving the point he had boarded the train.

He then gave me a street and number, apparently his home address in this town. I then asked him to describe the ring.

"Oh, it was just a plain band ring—in fact, my wedding ring," he said with a smile.

I remarked that if it was just his wedding ring he probably did not mind losing it, as it meant nothing to him.

He realized that I was giving him a rub, for he got on his dignity at once; his face became red and distorted, and he looked more like an animal than a man. He yelled at me:

"What do you mean by making a

remark of that kind to me? I give you to understand there is nothing I value more than my wedding ring. I will make it a point to report you to your superintendent for this insult and I will also see that you are discharged. You are not fit to be a conductor and the Pullman company does not want men of your kind in its service. I have a notion to make it a personal matter and wipe up this car with you myself."

As he finished speaking, I took off my uniform coat and cap and throwing them on the seat—as I was boiling mad and anxious to get my hands on him—said:

"Now, this is a personal matter, and as man to man and not as conductor and passenger, if you feel like cleaning this car and you think you are equal to cleaning it with me, just say the word."

He immediately came "back to earth" and sizing me up (I don't happen to be stunted in any way) he asked me in a more moderate tone, "Conductor, why did you make such a peculiar remark as that to me?"

"Well," I answered, "first, let me say it is the truth, that you have insulted your wife and little girl in everything you have done and said all day and you are not going to report me, and I am not going to lose my job on your account.

"One of the reasons is that the woman you have been talking to all day is waiting for you now; another is, that no sooner had you boarded the train and knew that your wife was safely left behind than you took off your wedding ring, and as I heard you say to yourself a minute ago when your back was toward me, that it fit tight and you could not say you

had lost it. You even had to wet your hands before you could get the ring off. Then, as it was a tight fit and left its mark on your finger, you even hid that by wearing the diamond ring on the same finger.

"I did not take particular pains to see all of this, for you were so raw about it that everybody on the train saw it. Do you know you belong to a class of men whom I despise. You are the worst type of criminal, either in or out of the penitentiary.

"Talk about safe blowers, hold-up men, or political bribers and grafters of every description—you, and your kind, are the kingpins of them all. More crime is committed by your kind, and it is directed against one of the most vital parts of society, than by all the others combined.

“What is the crime of murder and the loss of a single life by some thug in comparison to the ruination of a hundred women by one of you? You destroy homes! You cause two-thirds of the divorces! You, who try to take advantage of every woman you see alone, no matter to you if it be the wife of your best friend or the daughter of your business partner.

“The more respectable you find your victims, the harder you try and the more you will scheme to accomplish their ruin. Bah! And you have the nerve to say that I am not fit to be on these cars.

“What right has a man of your kind to say of another that he is not fit? But, I regret to say, that if I had not caught you with the goods that you—yes, even you—could have got my job, for the Pullman company will not take an employe’s

word, whether he is right or wrong, when he is reported by some passenger.

"I am glad of this opportunity to tell you just what I think of your class."

He turned around and left the car without answering. Incidentally, he had found the ring in his other pocket under his watch.

I should like to know what was in his mind, but it probably did not strike very deep, as he and the girl walked away together, and I heard him say to her, "It's funny how I should misplace my scarf pin."

(Needless to add, this man made no report to the company.)

This is a typical case and shows to just what extent these men will go to accomplish their purposes, and I give it as a warning to the mothers who are allowing their daughters to go back and

forth to school or make trips alone of any kind on trains, and to the fathers, brothers and men who have wives and sisters. Particularly is there danger on the Pullman cars. After a parent has placed his daughter or wife on the sleeping car and paid for first-class accommodations, thinking she will be protected and looked after, he overlooks the fact that the selling rights for the privilege of some man to insult her are held by the negro porter.

Think of it! A black man who takes a bribe to let some man on the train try to take advantage of and steal the reputation and good name of your wife or daughter and guarantees he will not be molested!

You did not think it was possible that conditions like that could exist, did you? Well, they do, for I have seen so

much crookedness between men and women on sleeping-cars in the past few years that I have almost lost faith in humanity. The ruination of thousands of women and girls is either accomplished or begun on the train.

The only thing that will change this condition of affairs is to place it before the public and arouse the sentiment of all good people for its correction.

III.

THE JEW AS AN OFFENDER.

HERE let me bring in the Jew who, of all the different kinds of men, is the greatest offender among this class who travel; and now remember, you girls who happen to read it, that a Jew will not insult a girl of his own race or religion. Let a Jewess get on a train and he will treat her like a queen; he would no more think of intruding on her or trying to insult her than jumping off the train, or giving away a \$20 gold piece, which would be much more painful to him.

But let an unaccompanied American girl, or one not of the Jewish race, get on the train or accidentally meet him,

and he will scheme and talk, buy her dinners and really spend money. (That is the only instance where a Jew will take a chance and separate himself from his money and not be absolutely sure he will get something in return for it.) But just think of the motive he has!

The fact that he won't try it on the women of his own race convicts him on the spot. A woman that allows herself to be taken in by a Jew must undoubtedly be mentally weak, and ought in some way to be protected.

Nine out of ten of these men are married. (I will call them men here as it is against the law to print what I think they should be called.)

I have seen their despicable operations time after time. They try to get acquainted with some unsuspecting woman on the car, and I regret to say

that in many cases they succeed. But just watch one of them as a train draws near his destination. He will then shake the girl, slipping off the train generally at the opposite end from where she gets off. He does this for two reasons: One is to avoid the porter; the other is, that if this happens to be his home town he knows that Rachel and little Ikey and a whole regiment of Jews will be down to see Abie come in; and he knows it would be hard to explain to Rachel why he said good-bye to that Gentile girl. But if this is not his home town, he generally persuades the girl and succeeds in getting her to go uptown with him.

I know of nothing more sorrowful than a respectable American girl who is alone and finds herself entirely surrounded by Jews. There is almost no chance of escape for her, and the more

respectable and better looking she is the less chance she will have. If she is not wise to their contemptible motives, or, if she has the vanity bee in her bonnet and thinks she is so pretty that she attracts all the men around her, then her case is hopeless.

In my years of service with the Pullman company I have been up against "panhandle" men, crooked land salesmen and smooth talking grafters of all kinds, but for the smoothest talker of them all I take my hat off to the Jew. He has got a line of soft soap that makes the fake gold mine stock salesman look like a canned sardine, so far as smooth talking is concerned.

I am not surprised from what I have seen to know that the Jews control the commercial world today. What surprises

me is that there is any one besides them left in the field at all.

I don't want to leave the impression that Jews are the only offenders of this kind who try to take advantage of women when they find them alone. Other men are just as bad, but the reason more Jews are noted as belonging to this vile class is because there are comparatively more of them traveling.

When we see these things happen—see some man of this kind meet a girl on the train and see them leave together, it makes one stop and wonder what's the use of schools and churches, of education, or society—when some creature of this kind can in a day or two of accidental contact, literally tear down all the teachings of some good mother and the loving advice and counsel of friends. More pitiable is it when one is forced to stand

aside and allow a cur of this description to persuade and poison a girl's thoughts and in the end ruin her life and future by stealing her good name, and then for this man to be allowed to go on seeking other women to ruin and never thinking of what he has done, nor give the girl a second thought.

I believe that almost all women are good at heart and want to live straight, and would too if given half a chance. They want to be true to themselves and to their mothers and fathers, and when they are married they want to be loved and trusted by their husbands and friends above all things.

Let a woman walk through the lobby of a hotel or down the aisle of a car, or up the street, and nearly every man you see that is not totally blind will be watching her, and if given a chance, if she is

alone and stops or sits down for a minute, you will see the men begin to mill around her like cattle around a feed trough, or I might say vultures around their prey, to use a worse form of expression.

No woman voluntarily goes wrong; some man is back at the beginning of every woman's fall, and this contemptible element I speak of, with the whole country to operate in, seems to increase year after year. God only knows how many ruined lives they will have to answer for in the hereafter.

IV.

WOMEN TRAVELERS AS FLIRTS.

IT'S BEEN said that woman first tempted man in the Garden of Eden by passing the apples, while it is more likely that Eve never would have been under this apple tree if she had not been enticed there by Adam.

From what I have seen as a Pullman car conductor women seem to get the flirtation microbe in their system when they get on the train, and they will flirt with most anything that looks like a man—that is why I say the American girl is helpless to take care of herself and cannot withstand the talk of these smooth looking villains.

Of course, any one can check a trunk

or buy a ticket or find a street or number in the city, but the things the girl should shun the most in looking out for herself are the ones she seems unable to withstand in the end. I have seen girls get on a car and turn down half a dozen of these would-be mashers, when finally one comes along who is a little better looking or a better talker than the rest who will worm his way into her confidence; but not all women can be taken in by these men—and it is a pleasure to see one of these kind.

In a good many cases, a woman on a train will stand a good deal of insult before she will say anything to a stranger about it, especially if she has sat and talked to the masher all day and had dinner with him. When something is attempted by him that is not quite proper, she fears that if anything is said by her

to the conductor he would ask her how it was that she sat and talked with this man or allowed him to talk to her, if he were not a friend of hers. Did she not think he might attempt something by allowing herself to become so familiar with him on such short notice?

But a woman should never hesitate to speak about a thing of that kind, for then the person in authority can take some action that might save her further insult or annoyance, even though she has been indiscreet. Her appeal gives the one in authority a chance to do something about it, though it's the conductor as a man desiring to protect the helpless, and not by reason of any rules of the Pullman company. Although a conductor knows in his own mind that the man is crooked and is trying to frame something up, it is not the trainman's

place to put a stop to it unless asked by the woman.

The Pullman conductor is very likely in charge of from one to seven cars and can't watch or know everything that goes on in each separate car. And, let me say here, that in a good many cases the Pullman conductor himself belongs to this very class of men. How easy it is for one of these "Love Diplomats," a passenger on the car, to go to the porter and say, "Here is \$5 for you. Now, don't see too much," and this porter will invariably answer, "All right, boss," for a man who gets a salary of only \$27.50 a month generally needs the money even though he has sold the right for some man to try and take advantage of some innocent girl, and some conductors con-
done such conduct.

I might go on and cite a hundred cases

that have come under my personal notice of this character where men have succeeded in enticing girls off of trains; but I will relate one more incident here that is a good illustration of how the "Love Diplomat" worked it.

I was in charge of the Pullman cars on a train that carried one through sleeper and an observation parlor car. The parlor car was for the accommodation of seat passengers between two large cities. We left the first city in the morning and arrived in the second one in the evening, and here the parlor car was cut out, but the sleeper went on through and was for the accommodation of through berth passengers.

We had five or six through passengers occupying berths in the sleeper. One of these was a very pretty girl about 18 or 19 years old who was going to a small

town in one of the middle states. The parlor car was full of seat passengers, mostly going to the city, which was the end of the parlor car's run.

One of the passengers in the parlor car was a married man, so the car porter informed me, as one of this porter's friends was porter in the man's place of business in the city, which was the starting point of our journey. This man turned out to be a "Love Diplomat" of the most violent type. He soon singled out this girl and it was not long after we had started until he was seated in her section talking with her.

↳ A passenger who holds space in any Pullman car on a train may, if there is room, ride in any car he chooses, regardless of where his seat is located, and this man, of course, wished to ride in the same car with the girl as he did all day.

He and the girl, as is usual in this game, had lunch together in the dining car.

When we arrived in the city of his destination, and also where the parlor car stopped, we had about 45 minutes' time before the train was to proceed, as the dining car was also cut out here and two more sleepers added to the train for other points of the road, and this took some little time.

We left this particular city rather late at night, between 10 and 11 P. M. to be exact. When we arrived here the girl and man got off the car, he saying to her, "Come, you have some little time here and you can take a walk around and get a little fresh air."

The girl turned to me and asked "Conductor, how much time have we here?"

"Forty minutes more," I replied, "and we leave sharp on time, so don't go far."

With that they walked away, he saying to her, "You can get your postcards here."

The girl was without her coat or hat, therefore she was the innocent victim of the fiend, who took the girl far enough away, or persuaded her, to miss the train; for that night about 12 o'clock we received a telegram from her to put her baggage off at a certain town in care of the station agent, as she had missed the train and would get her things next day.

Imagine if you can this girl in this strange town, with no coat or hat, and knowing no one besides the man who had picked her up on the train. What better chance would this man want than that?

This "Love Diplomat" was like any other thief in so far as he had plotted and schemed along the same lines as a

highwayman would do to rob a bank, only his motives were much worse.

I might go on and relate any number of these instances, but I am not writing a story of fiction but facts, and I think I have proved my point in the incidents related that these conditions exist, and I only hope this article will help to put a stop to such practices by warning women who travel.

Before I leave this subject, I want to speak briefly of the intermingling of men and women of theatrical troupes while traveling on the road. In some cases these travelers will not even allow the berth curtains to be hung. The repulsive actions, the vice and lack of any shred of modesty on the woman's part, is terrible to behold, and would make even the most dissipated turn away in horror.

Some way should be forced by law to

make the Pullman company and sleeping car companies in general arrange their cars so that women passengers would have a part of the car all to themselves and would have something besides a Mohair curtain between themselves and the gaze of curious men. Whether they themselves are willing or not, it should be done on account of the bad example it sets before innocent girls and for the protection of the modest and clean women who are forced to travel.

V.

PULLMAN COMPANY WORKING
CONDITIONS.

I AM now going into the cause and show what are the working conditions and salaries of the conductors and porters of the Pullman company, and will show that on some runs the men are worked for 36 hours without rest, until they are physically worn out, and then if they are caught asleep they are given 15 demerit marks.

Talk about an eight-hour day, or a sixteen-hour law, the Pullman company doesn't even observe a 24-hour day, and certainly cares nothing for the breaking down of the employes' health or the driving out of its services all the men

who are not willing to be life slaves to the greatest corporation and trust outside of the Standard Oil Company; (and one thing I will say for the Standard Oil Company is that it treats its employes fair and pays good wages).

We will take as an example one of the limited trains that operate between Chicago and San Francisco. This train leaves Chicago, we will say at nine in the morning, and the employes must report at least two hours before leaving time, which means that they must get up by 6 o'clock. The conductor is then on duty from 8 o'clock in the morning—not counting the two hours when he is going out to the yards and making out his leaving slip—when the porters are preparing the cars for the reception of passengers.

This train must be in the station at

least one hour before leaving time to receive passengers, and the conductor and porters must be there and have everything in readiness. Then the conductor is on duty from 8 A. M. until 3 A. M. the following morning, which makes 19 hours on duty. He then goes to bed, but must be up and dressed by 7 A. M., which makes him get about three hours' sleep. He is then on duty again from 7 A. M. until 3 A. M. the following morning, which is again 20 hours at a stretch, and it is a three-night trip to San Francisco, or 68 hours, the shortest possible time in which the run can be made. It will be seen that out of 68 hours he gets nine hours sleep, divided into three short periods of three hours a night, and, if I am not mistaken, the Interstate Commerce Commission's 16-hour law reads that after a railroad man has worked 16

hours continuously he is entitled to and must have eight hours rest.

Now we will say this train is composed of five cars, which makes also five porters to be relieved for rest, and there is only one man to relieve them and that is the conductor; or, first I will explain that a porter is supposed to sleep in the smoking-room and is to be off duty from 10:30 or 11 o'clock in the evening until 3 o'clock the next morning, which makes four hours. Now, ordinarily, only one porter is allowed to go to bed at a time, but on some trains two are permitted to be off duty at once, and the conductor does guard in both of these cars and looks out for the wants of the passengers while the porters are asleep.

A conductor also helps off any passengers that have reached their destination during this time, and checks up and

gives any one boarding the train during the night accommodations. He might be away from these two cars when the porters are in bed for from 15 minutes to half an hour while he is attending to his other duties. Just suppose a gas lamp should explode or one of these cars should catch on fire during his absence! The fact that these things don't happen often, does not mean that they have never happened or are not apt to occur at any time.

Or suppose a "Love Diplomat" is on the job. What chance has the conductor to know what happens when he has picked up several passengers and is in some other car checking them up?

But to get back to the porters: Three porters are on duty all of that first night. You ask yourself when do they get any rest? Now listen; these three men are

on duty from 9 o'clock the first morning until 11 o'clock the second night, 38 hours—count 'em. And then only two go to bed unless the conductor is of a generous turn and lets the others sneak off in some corner and go to sleep.

(The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should drop the animal end of their society and take up the human side.)

What condition are these men in by the third night to attend to business and protect the passengers? Why, common sense would tell you it's impossible. Just try working all day until 3 o'clock in the morning, then get up at 7 and work until 3 the next morning.

If you are peevish and can't sleep and have a spite at yourself and want to get back at yourself good and strong, I advise this treatment, and you will find that you

have got self-punishment down to a fine art.

These men are wrecks and walk through the cars like Hamlet's ghost, for there is no one thing that will put a man out of the running so quickly as to continuously miss his sleep and rest. It will undermine the strongest constitution and leave the victim a fit subject for any ordinary disease.

Now for this sacrifice of health the Pullman company shows its appreciation by paying the porter the enormous salary of \$27.50 per month and makes the traveling public pay the balance, if there is any. The company stands for the negro porter working his petty graft on the patrons, but if its managers think some one is grafting on them they raise their hands in Puritan horror to think that any one, and especially an employe, should show

such an utter lack of appreciation of the liberality and good treatment that is accorded him as to try to beat his innocent, law abiding (?) employers.

A conductor is paid \$70 for the first six months he is employed; \$75 for the second six months; \$80 the second year, and \$85 from two years until he is in the service five years. Then he gets \$90 for the next five years, and after ten years he gets to the pinnacle of his slow advance in salary, \$95. He also gets two uniforms a year free after ten years' service.

VI.

CONDUCTORS IN STRIPES.

ASIDE from this the conductor is decorated with two stripes on his free uniform.

In Europe the rich have a system of dressing their servants in livery, with a little "coat of arms" stamped over their right eye, or in some other conspicuous spot, which indicates the master to whom they belong. So the Pullman company has adopted that system and makes its servants wear its little badge. Also every five years they get a stripe.

In certain places of confinement in this country one gets his stripes before he serves his time, but with the Pullman

company he serves his time before he gets his stripes.

But the stripes that the state hands its victims are woven round a canvas suit, while the ones the Pullman company give are sewn around the left arm. Both kinds denote serving time and mean slavery.

After a conductor gets three stripes or more, the company knows it has got him for life. Nothing in my opinion shows plainer that you are an utter failure than to have three or four stripes on your arm that you have received for collecting dividends for the Pullman company.

About the only thing you could qualify for after fifteen years' service with the Pullman company is a coachman or butler, with a possible chance of getting in the waiters' class, if you were not so feeble that you were too slow.

With these several stripes tacked on

the conductor's arm the company knows that it can keep rubbing it in until he dies of exhaustion from loss of sleep and rest. After twenty years service the worm never turns.

With this combination of brass buttons, gold braid, and badge, topped off with a bellboy's uniform, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The wearing of uniforms has descended from the monarchies of Europe. At least a man ought not to have to wear stripes to show him up before the traveling public as never having earned more than \$95 a month for the past twenty years. If you want to see a sad specimen of a man just take a look at most any of these old Pullman conductors.

Ninety-five dollars per month is the highest regular salary paid by the company to its conductors. It takes you ten

years to get an advance of \$25 over your starting salary, but you must stay continuously in the service to draw \$95; thereby hangs the tale of my salary of \$70 a month after seven years service.

I have left and re-entered the service since the new rule went into effect, but my object was otherwise than just to work for the salary or to get the job back. I would no more think of staying in the Pullman company's employ for life than jumping off Brooklyn bridge.

Let me explain here that the Pullman company has had up to the past year a rule which, by the way, was the only good rule it ever had, and that rule has been abolished. The rule was that if a man left the service, he was allowed to re-enter it at any time, and if his record was good he would be given his old pay back, the same as he had received when he left the service.

Now it will employ him, but he must start as a new man.

Let me say that the average is very small of all the men employed by the company who attain the \$95 mark. The small starting salary, the high expense the man on the road is under and the length of time it takes to reach an even half-way decent salary, cause most of the competent men, who do enter the service, to leave it as soon as possible, and the ones who do stay are none too efficient, and probably could not make good in any other line of work.

There is practically no chance for promotion in the Pullman service, except for the men who are willing to advance at the sacrifice of other men. It requires a certain amount of questionable methods, and reporting of other men to get in line for promotion. The man who would report another to advance himself, it is

not reasonable to suppose, would be a first-class man. Speaking for myself, I say where it becomes necessary for me to cause the downfall of other men in order to advance, I should prefer always to remain on the bottom round of the ladder.

If one should advance as high as he can go in the service, to the position of a district superintendent, the pay is very small and the place carries practically no authority.

I have heard that some of the officials of the company are in on the graft of owning stock in the laundries that do the company's work. One man whom I know of used to have his name upon the window of the office of a large laundry which did the work for the company. None but the favored few get in on this graft, so I presume these officials who are in on it make some money.

VII.

THE "BAWLOUT MAN."

THE best name I can think of for a Pullman superintendent is the "Bawlout Man." He can take no decisive action without his orders from Chicago, but he can recommend, sign papers and put over the "rough stuff." But the final yes or no always comes from Chicago. He generally has to qualify as a good bulldozer before he gets the job.

I know one superintendent who would get \$10,000 a year for handling the same territory and same number of men under him if he was working for some contracting firm or commercial house, and his salary, from what I have been able to learn, is only about one-third this amount and generally less.

The superintendents of the Pullman company have a way, when an employe is called before them, of putting him on the defensive, before he can say a word. They seem to think that if they can bluff him on the jump and put him in a bad light it will make him give better service in the future. They themselves are strong on language, but some of them are rather weak in ability.

To my way of thinking, a man who believes he can impress one with his importance and get results by using a loud tone of voice and trying to bluff because he is one's superior, has a great deal to learn about human nature.

If a man is called before the superintendent, who tries to bluff him, even though the man is in the right, and he lets the superintendent impose on him, the man himself is no good, or else he

bides his time and for his daily motto he says, "Revenge is sweet."

I have known a man to work through the year with a good record and then be the victim of a report that caused him to be given five demerit marks. This cost him his extra month's pay, which caused him to continue work with no other object than to get revenge on the company for taking advantage of him in this manner.

A man was called before the superintendent once for promotion and when he arrived in Chicago the superintendent said to him:

"I have called you here to reward you for the good service you have rendered the company, as you have handled the company's business in a straightforward, honest and efficient manner, but in looking over your record I find one thing wrong."

"What's that?" said the man, startled.

"I find," said the superintendent, "that you have never reported any one connected with the company. You have never even 'turned in' a porter."

The superintendent meant that the conductor had never sought the good will of his superintendent or the company by making reports about other men.

"So," continued the superintendent, "I have reconsidered the matter and cannot give you any promotion."

The fact that this man had had the ability to settle all his difficulties himself and give good service caused him to lose a much deserved promotion. They wanted him to "turn men in," and make bad reports about other men to his superintendent. That's why I say the only way to advance in the Pullman service is to push other men down. Therefore any advancement the employe gets is not worth the loss of self-respect.

VIII.

THE CONDUCTOR'S EXPENSE.

I KEPT an account once for three months of what I spent as a Pullman conductor on the road. When I was drawing \$90 per month, my expenses on the road ran from \$28 to \$37 each month.

Now I am a married man, as all good citizens should be, and my total expenses amounted to just \$87 a month, and then my brother-in-law was boarding with us, which helped out considerably. I had the enormous surplus of \$3 a month to save against sickness or an accident. My wife and I were living along the most economical lines and spending no money foolishly.

One of the greatest assets of the Pullman company in the past has been the fact that the best hotels all over the country would gladly give a Pullman conductor a room and his meals free for the patronage he might send their way. Also the railroads were courteous enough to make a 25-cent rate for meals in their dining cars and eating houses. I might say that only one road still maintains this 25-cent rate; all others charge one-half rates to Pullman employes.

As an illustration: If a steak costs a passenger 60c, we get it for 30c. I should have said the passenger pays 90c, and we pay 45c, as that is nearer the average now. The company used to point out to employes that it would cost practically nothing to live on the road, and the pay was good under the circumstances, but the time is past when hotels at any point

of the country will give conductors a room free. The most common meal costs from 40c to 55c even with the cut rate. Just figure a conductor drawing \$70 or \$75 a month, or \$2.33 a day! An ordinary laborer is paid from \$2.50 to \$3 for an eight-hour day, and this laborer is not taking in hundreds of dollars for his employer.

I despise the man, and a good many conductors are of this kind, who poses as a model of honesty. There is a whole lot of people who think they are too good to live; pretend they have a clear conscience and high principles, while really what they have is a yellow streak, and cold feet. They are so honest it hurts them. What they are really suffering from is lack of nerve and fright—that is why they are honest. I have known men of this kind who mistreated their fam-

ilies and were crooked in petty things, but still bragged about their honesty.

I have a certain amount of admiration for a crook who will rob a bank or hold up a train, but I don't think much of the porch climber who will steal your Sunday dinner out of your ice-box on Saturday night or talk about you behind your back. When you see a man going around with a sanctified air and is so good that it sticks out all over him and has a reputation for honesty (when some one is looking)—I say, watch that purified saint or he will steal your wife. He is working under a false trademark, and hell is full of his breed, and many of them were produced by the Pullman Palace Car Company.

The free rooms and meals of the past are no more since the high cost of living has got in its work. Do you get anything for nothing now? No, not so you can

notice it. The Pullman company dislikes to see this asset get away from it, so I understand the managers took the matter up with one of the great roads of the west. To get a better rate in dining cars and eating houses for the Pullman employes running over this system, the answer of the president of this road to the Pullman company was not flattering. He said: "The fact that the Pullman company did not pay its employes enough so that they could buy their meals did not cause him to see why his road should board them at a loss. In fact, the road has been considering taking away the rates that they were getting, and extending the courtesies of rates in future only to the actual employes of its own road," or words to that general effect.

Now when a new conductor sees what he is up against and that it costs him \$1.25 of his daily wage for his meals, with

perhaps wife and family to keep (he may have taken in \$50 that day for the company), he scratches his head, or pulls his hair if he has any. If he is long in the service, he can only scratch and ask, "Where do I get off at? I worked all night last night and all day today, and it looks to me as though I am almost paying the company for the privilege of working for it."

And still there is a question of why men are dishonest. The surprising part is that there are any honest ones left.

Before I leave the subject of rates in dining cars, I want to say that this thing of being given a rate is one of the most humiliating features of working for the Pullman company. You can't go in the car and eat any time you wish, like other guests, but on account of getting this rate you must either go in early or late so as not to take up the room of some

one who can afford to pay the full rate. Some of the roads even specify when employes shall be served and have a table over in one corner of their eating houses where the trainmen must eat; but the unwritten law is that they mustn't go into the dining car when there is a likelihood of the chairs being needed by the passengers.

There is not a commercial house in existence, which if its managers thought that one of its men on the road was sneaking around looking for a second-rate hotel and was trying to live cheap and thus reflect on the concern, but would be discharged on the spot. The Pullman company is the only company that I know of which has men on the road who are not allowed an expense account. Think of it! A company with a capital of over a hundred million dollars, with the largest earning capacity, I

presume, of any concern of its size in existence, and whose stock sells around sixty per cent above par.

It not only does not pay fair salaries or allow an expense account, but forces its men to humiliate themselves by having to accept charity in order to live. For instance, if there is a small steak that is not large enough to serve to a passenger, or the first cut off the roast, it will be served to him by the waiter with a whole lot of condescension, who makes him feel that he is lucky enough to get anything to eat in the dining car at all.

It should be against the law to give any class of men a cut rate. For one thing it is not fair to the one who pays full rates, and any firm that compels men to be away from home should be forced to pay their expenses or equivalent in wages.

IX.

TWO ACCIDENTS.

I AM going to relate here two incidents that will illustrate better than anything else just how the company treat the men whom it expects to serve it faithfully. This treatment was accorded myself on one occasion, and to another conductor working out of the same district, who was bluffed so badly that the company would not even pay him his salary when he was injured in an accident, and was not able to work for some time on account of it. I will relate what they handed to me first, as it is not so bad as the other.

The passenger train I was on at this time collided head-on with a freight train.

This collision was caused by the attendant at a junction point not throwing the switch properly where the road changed from a single track to a double track system. Our train was supposed to take the southbound track, while the other train was standing on the northbound track waiting for our train to pass so it could proceed on the single track we were leaving.

The attendant of the switch tower gave our engineer the board and signaled "Everything All Right." We were moving along at about twenty miles an hour when the engineer received the signal. He pulled the throttle open and away we went into the open switch, head-on, into the waiting freight train—with a frightful crash. (I am telling all this to show that it was not my fault I was hurt in the accident which followed. The Pullman

company and railroad company apparently seemed to think it was from the way they acted.)

In the mixup which followed I received a badly cut forehead and had a bone broken in my foot. After about two hours' delay they got the cars untangled and we finally reached the division point a few miles away with what cars that were not torn up or damaged so badly they could not be moved. Upon our arrival there, a company doctor boarded the car and examined the ones who were injured. This doctor told me he did not have the proper instruments to work with and could not tell how bad the bone in my foot was broken. Also he did not have any splints to set it with, but would give temporary treatment and advised me to go back to St. Louis at once, telling me to go direct to the company hospital.

He insisted upon my going to the company hospital in preference to getting a doctor of my own, going on to say that I was entitled to it. After a good deal of red tape I finally succeeded in getting a pass by telegraph and returned to St. Louis next day.

Immediately upon my arrival I reported to the chief clerk of the hospital. I was given treatment by one of the doctors and told to call at a regular hour each morning, which I did for several days. Then upon going to the hospital one day the doctor called me aside and said:

"I am sorry, but I have orders not to give you any further treatment."

Upon asking him what the trouble was he said he did not know, only that it was the chief clerk's orders. He asked me to come with him to the office and

we would find out. The clerk explained he had received orders to telephone to the Pullman company and find out if they would be responsible for my hospital bill. The answer he received from the division superintendent of the Pullman company was to the effect that if the "conductor wants a doctor or treatment at the hospital let him pay for it himself, as we will not pay any bills."

I could not find out from the clerk who originally raised the question as to who was going to pay for my treatment. You would have thought from the way they acted that my whole idea in being hurt was to get free hospital attendance. They could not see how it was their fault, as of course it was not, for they were only doing as they were ordered. The fault was with the management who had hired a cheap twenty dollar a month man

to guard a very important post instead of paying decent wages so they could get a man of intelligence and ability to look out for the public safety.

I told the clerk that I would not think of imposing on the Iron Mountain Railroad or the Pullman Company by making them pay out money for me, with my enormous salary of \$85 a month and it seemed it was apparently my fault anyway. From the hospital I went direct to the division superintendent's office and when I stepped in the office force must have seen something was wrong, for upon my entering one of the clerks came over and asked, "What is the matter?"

"I would like to see the man who telephoned out to the hospital about my case," I replied.

The clerk happened to be a good friend of mine, as he had come up from the district office. I explained to him

what kind of a message had been sent out to the hospital. He said the railroad people had called up in reference to me and that the division superintendent had instructed them to deliver the message that had been sent. The superintendent was not in the office at the time and I always regret that I did not get an opportunity to tell him about the smallness of this trick.

Can you imagine anything smaller than this? Two big corporations bandying words back and forth over a \$10 hospital bill for an underpaid employe who was hurt while on duty by their own carelessness. Pretty small, don't you think?

I told the clerk that I had had no intention before of making a claim, but now that I was going over to see the claim agent of the railroad. It was about ten minutes walk from this office to the

claim agent's office, but as I was walking with a cane at the time it was probably twenty minutes before I reached the office. I have a suspicion that some one from the Pullman office telephoned over to look out for me, as I was coming to their office and was looking for trouble.

One of the glad-hand men met me at the door, and calling me by name took me by the hand, like I was a long lost brother, then passed out a lot of bunk about a mistake having been made and for me not to bother about a bill from the hospital as they had not known what they were talking about. He wound up, "You just go home and rest easy and do not come back to work until you feel like it, as you will not lose a thing or have to pay any bills whatever."

There was nothing for me to do but go home and rest easy as he said, which I was very glad to do. When I arrived

home that day a very amusing thing occurred. It had been a matter of ten or twelve days since the wreck and up to that time neither the Pullman company nor the railroad company had seen fit to take enough interest in my case to send a man out to my home, to see how I was getting along. It was no concern of theirs, it seemed, whether I lived or died. On this day the Pullman company must have got busy, for when I arrived home one of the men from the office was waiting to see me. He said he had come out to see how I was getting along, that the superintendent had said for me not to come back to work until everything was all right and to take my own time. It was very odd how much interest they began to take in my welfare all of a sudden.

I had been told by the chief clerk of our office before this that I need not ex-

pect the company to pay me for the time I was off, and unless I had accident insurance, I would have to lose my pay for the time I was hurt. He explained that I had signed a printed form when I was employed by the company, whereby I had agreed to waive all responsibility against the company, as damages or pay for the time lost as a result of accident. This agreement the employe has to sign before he goes to work for the company, and is a great piece of ingenuity. Whoever the man was that arranged this agreement was an artist, as it takes in about everything from snakebite to getting a cinder in your eye.

The chief clerk went on to say that my accident insurance would cover the case. From his argument it would seem that the \$18 a year I was paying out of my own pocket for an accident policy was not protecting me, but was protect-

ing the company against myself. That was a rather bad argument for me but a good one for the company. Though I, had realized the danger of my occupation and had taken out an accident policy, they took the position that they were relieved of all risk, although in the end they paid both for my time and the hospital expenses. The funny part about it was they asked me to sign a release before they would give me the check, so you see they knew the printed agreement they had forced me to sign when I was employed was a farce and would not hold good in court.

I will now tell how the company used these same methods in another case. This conductor was not even paid his salary. The accident that happened to him occurred in this manner: The train he was on was approaching some little town and the conductor had stepped out

between the cars preparing to get out at the station to receive passengers. One of the porters was out between the sleeping cars sweeping off the vestibule, also in preparation for this town. This conductor waited on the other platform until the porter had finished sweeping. The porter then started to open the door of the car to put the broom away, when the train gave a violent lurch and threw the conductor back against the door, also throwing the porter back towards the conductor. The porter, in his wild scramble to keep from falling, threw the broom back over his shoulders and plunged the small end of the handle into the conductor's eye.

When this conductor arrived in St. Louis he was taken home at once and a doctor was called. Then for the next two months it was a question whether he would not lose his eyesight altogether.

It cost this man more than \$100 and the loss of three months' salary, aside from all his expenses, when he was at home sick. Besides his injury was of a very painful nature and he suffered terribly during the first two months.

I understand that the railroad company, as well as the Pullman company, did not take the trouble in either case to send a man out to investigate this man's condition. It showed an utter lack of appreciation on the Pullman company's part, for I know for a positive fact that this man gave good service and was a first-class man.

Imagine being in a pitch dark room under the care of a specialist trying to save yourself from going blind, and then to have the people who were indirectly to blame for your condition treat you in this manner.

When I last saw this conductor he

was still having trouble with his eyes. After about three months' time, when he went back to work, he wrote several very touching letters to the officials of the company asking pay for the time he had lost, explaining the position he was in and what the accident had cost him in the way of doctor bills, and loss of time, with other extra expense, placing him in a very bad position financially.

The company answered him by saying it could not see how it was responsible under the circumstances and therefore could not allow anything on account of this accident. The last time I saw this conductor he told me he had not received a penny from either company.

You will see by these two cases that the Pullman company does not give its employes the square deal that they expect, on entering the service, to receive.

X.

WRITING THE "STATEMENTS."

I WANT to say a few words here about the writing of statements, as that is one of the most amusing things about working for the Pullman company. If a passenger should expectorate out of the window and hit a car cleaner or section hand in the eye, the conductor and porter must write a statement about the case. The fact that they may not have seen it or know anything about it makes no difference. They must state why this passenger preferred to expectorate in this man's eye in preference to the cuspidor, with any other facts that have a bearing on the case. This particular illustration is fiction, of course, but in truth we have to write statements

about things more trivial than this. I venture to say that if all the statements that have been written by conductors and porters, if placed side by side, would cover the Pacific Ocean. Every time we turn around we must write a statement. Here is a little story that goes the rounds among the employes of the company about writing of statements.

A conductor was supposed, so the story goes, to have had a dream, and in this dream he thought he had gone to heaven. It would be very interesting to know just what this man had eaten for dinner, as it must have been something rich to cause a Pullman conductor to dream he had gone to heaven. However, he dreamed he and George Pullman arrived at the gates of St. Peter together. Both knocked at the same time and St. Peter opened the gate about an inch and asked, "Who's there?"

"George Pullman, the originator of the palace on wheels," answered Pullman.

"What did you ever do for humanity?" queried St. Peter.

"I invented the sleeping car so a passenger could travel in comfort on a train," said George, "and I build my cars so well that the first sleeper constructed is still running."

"Did you invent the upper berths?" asked St. Peter.

"I did," said George.

"Well, in that case," said St. Peter, "go down below to the hot air chamber and write a statement."

"Going down," howled the elevator imp.

Then, turning to the conductor, St. Peter said, "And what did you do?"

"I was a conductor for the Pullman company," said the man.

CONFESSIONS OF A PULLMAN CONDUCTOR

"Did you live up to the book of rules?" said St. Peter.

"I did," said the conductor.

"Come on in, then, you have had hell enough."

* * *

I don't say this is a fact, but it is my opinion that the Pullman Company, with its small pay, the expensive surroundings the employes are forced to face, and the rules under which they are forced to work, has caused more men to become dishonest than any other one thing in this country. The company has plenty of good men in its employ, but there are not very many of them who stay; they are forced out by the working conditions and small pay. The company claims it costs several hundred dollars to break in a new man as a conductor. If

some of this cost had been taken to pay a little more salary, they would have made more money in the end, as there are as many ex-Pullman conductors as there are men in the standing army of the United States.

I have heard that one official of the company, in a brilliant burst of intelligence, once said, "that he could get all the Pullman conductors he wanted for \$50 per month," and I say, speaking along these same lines, "You could get all the men you wanted to be cashiers of banks for \$40 per month." But what kind of men would they be? There's the rub.

The company does not use cheap material in its cars, so why should it not use the same judgment in the choosing of men?

There would be no reason for em-

ployers to pay high wages to good men who stick if it could get men of the same ability for small pay. As long as the Pullman company figures that it can get a man worth \$150 a month for \$70 a month, it will be changing its organization of conductors about every two years until the United States is as old as Jerusalem. Intelligence, staying qualities and also honesty must be paid for the same as an all-wool suit of clothes. It makes no difference whether you get good material wrapped up in a man's body or in a pasteboard box; if it is a high class article, and you expect it to stand the wear and tear of hard usage, you won't get it at a bargain sale.

About four years ago, a petition went into the general offices of the company signed by practically all of the conductors in the service asking for more pay.

This first petition was ignored. Then a few months later another was sent in asking for the same thing. Then the officials began to sit up and take notice, but they dodged the question and with a blare of trumpets and a little hot air, which came out in the papers, stated that the Pullman company was going to show its liberality and appreciation for its employes by giving each one who went through the year, beginning on each January, with a clear record, an extra month's pay free.

The announcement said that this was voluntary on the company's part and showed how many thousands of dollars this generosity would cost it. Of course, if you take 20,000 men and give them \$2 apiece, it will amount to a fortune, but this \$2 won't cause any one of these individuals to get gray-headed wondering what he will do with all of this wealth.

I am now going into the means used by the Pullman company to force honesty and get good service out of cheap men. Let me say here that ninety-five per cent of the men hired by the company are honest men whose intentions are good, but the continual firing of conductors and hiring of new men, caused by the manner in which the men are treated, with the small pay and being watched at all times as though they were escaped convicts, prevents many self-respecting employes remaining long in the company's employ.

I heard a district superintendent of the company once say to a conductor, when he thought he had the goods on him and the conductor cleared himself, that he was either a fool for luck or was smoother than the average.

XI.

THE MOTHER AND THE DAUGHTER.

HERE is an experience that happened to me shortly after I entered the service which made me view the job as a joke; as nearly every conductor in the service does view it and causes them to adopt the attitude of "Get by if you can, but if you can't, don't worry, as you won't lose anything if you are fired."

At the time this happened I was running on a road from the middle west down south. This road had two through trains running about an hour apart. I was on the second train coming north on this occasion. The first train did the

local work and we on the second train handled the through business. On a branch line of this road, off the main line, about 20 miles away, was a hustling little town in the oil regions. Two sections or two upper and two lower berths were held to be sold by the ticket agent in this town in one of the sleeping cars on the first train going north. There was a local train that ran between this town and a junction point with the main line. These passengers came over on this local to the junction point and there made connection with the train that carried the sleeping car for which their berth tickets called.

On this occasion, the two lower berths were held by an old lady and her daughter, and as the local train had been late they had missed their connection and the first train carrying their car had gone,

so they waited for the second train. When we arrived here, the ladies boarded the train, holding tickets for two lower berths. Now remember, it was not their fault they had missed their connection, but the fault was of course with the train in arriving too late for the connecting train. On my train there was not a lower berth left and the old lady was in feeble health. It would have been almost impossible for her to get into an upper berth, and besides she needed attention from her daughter during the night.

I thought the best thing to do was to give them two lower berths in a drawing room which was vacant, making a notation on the margin of the diagram of the car the reason for my doing so. The tickets held by these passengers were worth \$2 apiece and where a berth is sold for \$2 the drawing room between the same points is sold for \$7.

Next morning when I turned in my reports the company showed its appreciation for the way I had handled the matter by making me pay \$3, the difference in the value of the tickets and the price of the drawing room. Now had I put these two ladies in upper berths, they would have had a clear case for a lawsuit and damages against the company, as they would have paid for something in good faith and through no fault of their own, had not received it.

I will add now that a couple of years ago this rule was modified, so that the very thing I did at that time is now permitted. Perhaps this change was caused by a lawsuit or two, or perhaps some official looked over the rules who happened to have a little horse sense, and suggested the change.

Do you wonder that few men stick with the job? They say Russia has the

best spy system in the world, but in my opinion it could learn a whole lot from the Pullman company. The company calls its spies special agents, or private detectives, if you wish—but what they really are is spotters. So far as I have been able to learn these spotters are not in the direct employ of the company, but this work is given out by contract with various detective agencies.

One of the greatest presidents this country ever had said, I believe, that “the best way to clinch an argument was to tell a story that would illustrate the point of argument.”

XII.

THE MARRIED SPOTTERS.

NOW listen to this little story. I heard it pretty straight and believe that it is a fact. I will show the methods that were used and tolerated by the company to get one conductor's job. This man was Pullman conductor on a train which had on board, among other passengers, a well-dressed and very pretty woman and a gentleman (that at least is what the conductor thought he was). These two passengers of course had different berths and apparently were total strangers. This man made such a good impression on the conductor and appeared to be such a good fellow that the conductor, upon being invited by him,

consented to have dinner with him in the dining car. During the meal, the man suggested ordering a couple of bottles of beer, and as the conductor thought he was all to the good, he agreed, whereupon he ordered from the waiter, telling him to serve the conductor's in a china mug so it could not be seen what he was drinking. He said to the conductor afterwards, "I know it is against the rules for you to drink on duty, but a bottle of beer will do you no harm."

He then brought up the subject of the woman, asking the conductor if he had any objection if he tried to get acquainted with her, as he believed there was "something in sight" there.

By this time the man had got entirely into the confidence of the conductor who answered him by telling him to go as far as he liked. Thereafter the success

this man had with the lady was remarkable, to say the least, and should have caused the conductor to become suspicious, he being allowed by the lady to share her berth with her. Now! Now! sh—h—but read the rest of the story. The man had given the conductor his supposed name and said he would stop at a certain hotel and for the conductor to call around next day and see him if he could.

A prominent detective has said, "That every criminal will do some little thing that will give him away," as this one did, for he actually stopped at the hotel where he had told the conductor to call.

But listen! Next morning, after the conductor had turned in his reports, he was called in on the carpet and was discharged. He was very likely surprised by this jolt."

During the day he happened to think about the man he had met the night before on the train and thought he would call around and see him; he was a pretty good fellow and might use his influence to help him get another job. As he entered the lobby of the hotel, he saw his man leaving the desk and was a little surprised to see the lady of the night before with him, they taking the elevator to an upper floor together.

Going over to the clerk he asked, "What room has Mr. Jones?"

The clerk informed him that no Mr. Jones was stopping there.

"Why," said the conductor, very much surprised, "he just went up in the elevator with a lady."

"Oh," said the clerk, "that was Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

The conductor then saw a sudden

light. So that was their game. This man was a spotter, and was traveling around the country with his wife, who was also a spotter, and if any conductor allowed him to pull this stunt off on the car, he would report him and have him fired.

I don't know which is the most dishonest, the company which would use these underhand means to catch a man or the man who is caught in some crooked act in this way.

If I had been this conductor, I would have gone out and hunted up the biggest Chicagoan I could find, with the proverbial big feet preferred, and had him kick me the entire length of State street. But the rest of this story is too good not to tell.

That evening the conductor was sitting down in the depot telling some of his brother conductors about the way he

had been taken in by this pair, when who popped in the door but the aforesaid Mrs. Smith, and pretty soon the man came in also; but they never spoke and acted like strangers to each other. There was only one train they could take. At about this time this conductor hunted up the man who was going out on this train and told him about the game. Sure enough, they got on and the man started to work the same thing again. He and the conductor went to supper together at his invitation. Only this conductor passed up the beer. He was allowed to carry out everything else he did the night before, until along about 12 o'clock that night, when he had got to sleep, the train conductor went to the berth with the Pullman conductor, and he was made to get up and was put off the train despite his wife's tearful pleading that he was her husband. He

had nothing on to speak of when he was put off, and what he did have on should not be spoken of. His wife left the train at the next town and I presume the wires were kept pretty hot until they got each other located. This last conductor was not fired, and heard nothing about the matter further.

XIII.

HOW THE SPOTTER WORKS.

I AM going to try and tell here some of the ways a spotter works and what kind of man he is.

On a good many occasions he comes running down to the train at the last minute and says, "Conductor, I did not have time to buy a berth, can you fix me up?"

As the conductor generally has space left, he sells him a berth. He does this to see if he is given a receipt, as he has a chance to pay in cash. Perhaps he asks for a berth near the end of the car. Here he can get a better view of what occurs. He then explains that he does not sleep well and gets up several times

during the night—that is to put the conductor off his guard so he won't get suspicious if he sees him prowling around the car like some sneak thief. What he really gets up for is to see if he can catch the conductor or porter asleep. Perhaps then when the conductor is alone with him in the smoking-room, he will offer a cigar, telling him to go ahead and enjoy himself, and not mind him, as he has worked for firms that did not allow smoking, and knows how it is. He then springs a bottle of whisky, saying, "This is fine goods given me by a friend of mine; won't you join me in a little drink? Now, don't be afraid of me, as you are just as safe to drink this before me as in your own home."

A new conductor asked me how I knew a spotter when I had one on the car. Well, I replied, I keep myself famil-

iar with how spotters look by making a visit to the city workhouse about once a month. You know the kind, the ones that rob poor boxes and snatch an old lady's purse. If you have a man you are suspicious of, suddenly stop, and take a sharp look in his eyes. If he is guilty, he will dodge like you threw a brick at him. Besides this, a crook will look like a crook; they may be able to look you in the eyes a little too steady, or perhaps they can't look you in the eye at all; and the best advice I can give you, is to watch the man who looks crooked.

Dealing with this line of crooks makes a conductor suspicious of every one he meets, and when a real man offers him a drink or a cigar, he cannot accept it without being afraid he will be reported. Now in the past few years the company has broadened out a little and

has what they call a service inspector. I will say here that there is very little criticism by the men of these inspectors, as they are open and above board, carrying passes, saying who they are and don't sneak, as a rule. The only suggestion I would make about them is, that they should make it a point to get on the trains once in a while at some time besides 2 o'clock in the morning and not get on so often at some flag stop. Some of these men have been nicknamed "Watertank Inspectors." These make it a point to know where the passenger trains stop for water and board the train there in the hope that they will find something wrong.

* * *

Now, to go back for a moment to this bonus of an extra month's pay to every man who goes through the year with a

clear record. That means that at the end of the year the record must be clear of the demerit marks; or, if you should get a bad report after July 1st and get five demerit marks as a result of it, that would not allow you to participate in the extra month's salary.

The Pullman company has a system of book suspension, which works like this: The company gives the conductor five days, say, for a bad report, but instead of taking him out of the service without pay for five days, as in former times, it is marked against his record, and enough days or demerit marks in a given time means discharge.

Now take the men on the long run or the runs where they are two nights going and two nights returning to their starting point, which is four nights and two full days on the road. This con-

ductor works 36 hours with six hours sleep, three hours each night; now the second night he is worn out and if he is caught asleep by some spotter on the car, or if the service inspector gets on at 2 in the morning and catches him asleep, he gets 15 days and loses his extra month's pay. That is generally about the point in a conductor's life when friendship ceases and he begins to figure on how to "get his."

The company was wise to get up that bonus system instead of a raise in salary, as it knew only about half the men or less would be able to go under the wire with a clean bill. The prize box game is for Sunday schools and kindergartens, but it is not the way to deal with men. When a man or a company of men are dealing with other men, the fact should never be lost sight of that they are men

themselves. If I had a man working for me to whom I had to give a prize to get him to do his work properly, I would know that there was one of two things the matter: that I was either not paying that man what he was worth or he was no good.

Don't think that I am opposed to a firm giving its employes a bonus or having a profit-sharing arrangement. There is a large plumbing concern in the United States that has accomplished wonderful results by allowing the men to share in the profits they have earned for the company.

I should like to ask this hypothetical question, as a layman speaking to experts: That if the board of directors of the Pullman company decided that their district superintendents all over the country were not being paid enough, whether

they would raise each one a few dollars a month, or send out a notice that each superintendent who came to his office at 7 o'clock every morning and remained there until 6 o'clock in the evening for each consecutive day of the year, would be given a bonus of a month's salary at the end of the year? You would hear the echo of the howl that would go up in Africa, and you would hear them say, "What do you think we are, a bunch of school girls?"

It makes no difference how hard you may drive a workhorse, he can't win in a race of thoroughbreds. A man that is paid cheap will do cheap work. If I was a manufacturer, and one of my foremen came to me and said, "I can reduce your operating expenses by getting cheaper men to do the work and forcing them harder," I would fire him on the spot; but

if he said we would get better results out of the men by giving them more light and air, and improving the working conditions and be able to reduce expenses by cutting down the force and paying the expert workmen more, I would investigate his plan.

I once worked at a place where we had to leave the building to get a decent drink of water. Now the wise employer of men is putting in reading and smoking rooms where the men can go and eat their lunch and read and rest instead of eating in the alley or going to saloons. Fair treatment and a square deal to employes is the greatest asset any firm can have.

I am going to say a few words about the porter and his whiskbroom. First, let us take the porters on tourist cars or second-class sleeping cars. These cars

generally operate on long through runs, like from St. Louis or Chicago to points in California. Some run from Washington, D. C., to California via New Orleans; some run even from Boston. These cars, as they are second-class, generally run on slow trains, and are used mostly for colonists and homeseekers. A trip from St. Louis or Chicago to California on these trains requires from four to five nights on the road.

XIV.

PORTER IN UPPER NUMBER ONE.

ONE of the rules of the Pullman company reads something like this:

"Porters of tourist cars will be relieved about four hours during the day for rest."

The majority of the readers of this article have never been in a tourist car, let alone having ridden in one. The porter is permitted to sleep in upper berth No. 1 only. If you have ever laid on a hard mattress with your face about six inches from a tin roof in August, with the sun boiling down on this roof, you can get an idea of the form of torture I am going to explain.

The porter is supposed to turn into this Turkish bath about 11 o'clock A. M., generally the coolest part of the day, and as the train skims merrily over the plains of Kansas or the Panhandle of Texas or over one of the delightful deserts of the west, he lays up there enjoying the "scenery." (This berth has no opening at top, bottom or end. The only place he can get out is where he got in and that must be kept tightly closed with heavy berth curtains.) He also listens to several old maids talking over the chance of getting a man in California "where women are scarce," or the gentle wailing of some two-year-old hero calling for the old housecat that was left behind; and, by the way, that is generally the only thing that is left behind by these tourist car colonists. Everything else is usually sold to buy a one-way ticket to what the pas-

senger agents have made them believe is the Land of Opportunity. Nero may have been a torture expert in his day, but his most stylish kind of torture compared with this, proves him, according to my idea, the rankest dub.

Speaking of being hog-tied and laid on an ant hill and slowly bit into nine million bites, or being tied to a wild horse and dragged to death, why that's pleasure compared to this. Sleep and rest! You are lucky if you live.

Imagine, if you can, lying on your back on this sticky mattress, being rolled back and forth and at each outside turn part of the skin rubbed off of your nose against the roof, and lying in a puddle of your own perspiration, with the thermometer 110 in the shade, with forty-nine different kinds of noises all around you!

Instead of being able to woo Mor-

pheus into giving him peaceful sleep, the porter is more likely, according to the way he feels and looks when he gets up, to have been flirting with death and the devil. Now, when this man crawls into this 2 x 4 oven, he has usually been on duty from 20 to 24 hours; then, after four hours, if he lives and sticks it out that long, he comes down and is on duty again from 3 P. M. until 11 A. M. the next day—twenty hours on duty and four hours off, and so on for the five days and five nights he is on the way, or longer. He gives one hundred hours' work with twenty hours' rest, or trying to rest.

Is it any wonder that these men don't give good service and that they have a perpetual grouch, but don't say anything, as Upper 1 is likely on their minds?

The porters on second-class cars get \$5 more per month than men on first-

class cars, which makes their pay \$32.50 per month. I cannot account for this generosity on the company's part. Does it seem strange that this man will do anything to get money, or is it any wonder he will take a bribe from a passenger to let him do anything he wishes and work together with the passenger to put something over on the conductor by helping him take advantage of some woman on the car?

The company charges its patrons all the traffic will bear and the services of the porter and his shining of shoes should and have been paid for when the passenger pays for his berth. The Pullman company does not even furnish the porter with the brushes or shoe polish with which he shines its patron's shoes; but one thing it does do is to hold a porter responsible for the linen on the car, and

any shortage that occurs he has to pay for.

I have had porters tell me that for a year or two at a stretch they never drew a full month's pay. It does not look fair that the men drawing a salary of this kind should be forced to keep up the linen supply of a hundred million dollar corporation. I venture to say that the porters just about buy all the new linen needed by the company.

XV.

THE GRAFT.

THE graft is this: The porter who slips the man who counts linen a little change is never short, while the poor sucker that won't stand for this graft has to pay his shortage and the other man's also. If a guest should steal a towel from a hotel, should the bellboy have to pay for it? When you order a bill of goods from a firm to be delivered to your home, you don't have to give the delivery boy a half dollar to bring it out to your house. The firm pays him wages for delivering goods for them.

The traveling public should be protected by law and not have to stand this petty graft in paying for the service they have already bought. There should be

a national interstate law against tipping. Is it strange a company of this kind can pile up an enormous cash surplus when it doesn't have to pay its own employees?

So when the porter comes to you in the morning with his broom, don't be too hard on him. Remember as you give him his quarter that it is not so much his imposition on you for this tip, as that is the way he is forced to make his living, but that of the company that has built up this system to make you pay its employees.

We will leave the porter here and go back to the conductor. It has got to be the rule in a good many parts of this country where the travel on certain trains in thickly populated districts is heavy or where the road has not much competition and don't run enough trains to handle the business properly. On these trains the Pullman conductor does a good business by giving the man that hands him a

dollar extra the preference for lower berths. This is pretended not to be known by the company, but as these runs are so strongly sought after by conductors that a blind man could tell the reason, but of course the company appreciates the fact that this helps them to keep wages down, so they take what the gods provide and don't put forth much effort to stop it. For when the public pays, you hear nothing from the company except large gobs of silence, but when it has to pay we hear howls from all sides. Before I leave the conductor and tips, I am going to say, as much as I regret to do so, that some conductors will, for the feel of a five-dollar bill, allow some man on the car to try and corrupt the morals of some lady passenger, whom the conductor by all means should protect. I can think of nothing I would rather not look back upon in my old age or have to

account for when I die, than that at some time in my past I had taken money in payment for permitting some man to impose on some man's wife or daughter. I am glad to say that a dollar of this kind was never touched by me.

* * *

I am going to refer again on the spy system in this way: When a spotter of the company sends in a bad report about a conductor, for instance, the report is something like this: The spotter checks up the number of passengers on the car and finds out there are twenty passengers on board. The report of the conductor for this car, we will say, shows only fifteen passengers, which means that this conductor has collected cash fares from these other five passengers who are on the car and has kept the money.

Now you would think this conductor would be discharged upon receipt of this

spotter's report, but if this happens to be his first offense, he is only warned, or perhaps made to pay this money back. Do you think anything is wrong with a system like that?

If a man works for you and you were even suspicious that he was crooked you would discharge him, of course, but not so the Pullman company, for it doesn't trust these spotters any too well themselves and know they are crooked and would as soon write a lie as the truth. Another reason is, the managers are afraid the next man they hire, if they fire this one, will be worse, and they would rather take a chance on the one they have, thinking that he might not take very much, than to get another man that might take it all. I don't believe there is a business man in the world out of a padded cell who believes he could get results by operating under such a system.

XVI.

THE REMEDY.

IN ENDING, let me suggest a few things that might help to defeat these "Love Diplomats" and protect ladies on the trains, cut out most of the graft, and do general good all around and improve the service. The first is a decent living salary for porters and conductors, and not more than a 16-hour working day.

The run I am on at present—but which I shall not be on when this book is published—changes crews four times between the time I get on and where I get off, and every man of the crew gets from \$30 to \$90 a month more salary and gets as much rest for working on

an average of ten hours as I get for working four nights and two days.

Another thing I would suggest is to have a white man on duty at all times on the cars, and if they are paid well, they will take care of the job, can't be bought so easily, and won't permit so much immorality among travelers. The abolishment of the spotter and adding more service inspectors, with the understanding that when a new man is hired that the first crooked move he makes he will not be warned but discharged would be an improvement, for if a good salary is paid there need be no hesitation to discharge a man and not be able to replace him with a better one. The doing away with the "third degree" that is used extensively by the Pullman company when a man is called before the superintendent would work wonders in the service. The

Chicago police should take note that the Pullman company was using the "third degree" when Chicago was a village. The company should inject a few men of broader intellect, and with modern ideas under their hats, who would believe in more co-operation with employes, fair treatment and a square deal all around. Then there would be more dividends, less friction, pleasant association and good service.

If this statement of facts accomplishes nothing else but to serve as a warning to women who travel to beware of the "Love Diplomats" on the train, it will have done a good work indeed.

I want to wind this up with a little story about the Interstate Commerce Commission. In an argument with the Pullman company, the I. C. C. asked the Pullman company representative what

heading its employes came under. The Pullman agent answered, "Railroad men." The I. C. C. asked, "Well, in that case why don't you observe the 16-hour law?"

The agent answered again, "Our men are not railroad men, they are hotel employes."

The I. C. C. came back with the reply that if such were the case the men would have to have railroad tickets, as it was against the interstate law for a man who is not a railroad man to ride free on the train.

The Pullman company representative came back hot off the bat that their men did not come under either one of these ratings, but were carried by the Pullman company as part of the equipment of the cars. To the best of my knowledge the I. C. C. has not whispered since.

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